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Advertising.

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THE WEAVER.

Sits in his cottage the weaver,
And quickly his shuttle flies,
Weaving his piece that the children's food
May come from the task he plies.

In a cottage on a moorland,
Built in a fern-clad dell,
Whose sunlight silvers the heather,
He doeth his life-task well.

Scarce looking out on the sunshine,
Half-hearing the lark's brave song,
Pausing not in the throw of the shuttle;
His toil, it is dreary and long.

Aye, hard is the lot of the craftsman,
When the children have hunger for bread,
Seldom his labor hath ending
Till he sleeps with his fellow-dead.

Nay, life can never have ending,
But pain has its end with the just;
Who sows true seed, if in sorrow,
Sees the fruit grow up from the dust.

And the weaver in his cottage—
Where the sun is shadowed in gloom—
There waits the call of the master;
Waits till the Lord gives doom.

When, another web he is weaving,
Before the Judge shall be spread—
A web that an Angel's fingers
Is guiding its every thread.

At the ether-built loom I see him,
Plying the shuttle and beam;
The warp and the woof are the weaver's
thoughts,
And the weaver's work, I ween.

And bright is the web there woven—
To earth's eyes mazy and quaint—
Fair shaping a holy garment,
For the soul of the weaver saint.

—IDYLA.

I KNOW A PLACE.

I know a place
where violets blow
Where ferns and grasses
green and grow,
Where the big white
lilies lightly rest
Their waxy bowls on
the river's breast.

I know a place where
the soft waves beat.
Like the sound of a kiss
at the violet's feet,
Where the sun by day,
and the moon by night
Weave tangled webs
of changeful light.

I know a place where
the thrushes nest,
Where the breezes rock
the birds to rest,
Where the nightingale
comes at night to sing
in the twisted loop
of the grape vine swing.

I know a place where
a fallen tree
Lies close where
the ferns and violets be,
And over it stretches
a roof of leaves
The glossy green of
the oak tree weaves.

I know a place, ah,
'tis a lone retreat,
Where love and the birds
and I meet,
And drift and dream
o'er faraway seas,
To the water's
murmuring melodies!

—WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

Call at 140 south 11th and get the best meal in the city. M. Walker, prop.

There is always a new way to advertise any product, no matter how many ways has been advertised before.

A Secours.

The heat was terrible and because no night wind blew all mankind suffered. Penton flicked a cigarette ash from his linen trousers and looked out at the long trail of moonlight rocking and heaving with the swell of the water. He was a small nervous man, much tanned by the tropical sun.

"What do you think of Norton?" he said looking a little curiously at Austin who lay stretched out in his chair. Austin turned his head slowly and at first made no reply.

"He's too young," he finally remarked, "and that woman—" He stopped and grinned faintly.

The rigging cracked and snapped from the heat; and when the swell caught the yacht the timbers strained and groaned softly and sighed as the vessel slipped into the hollows. Little catspaws came leisurely across the water and touched the cheeks of the men like blasts from a furnace, and rattled the rigging for an instant and drew the cable taut and dripping above the water.

"How infernally hot!" growled Penton, wiping his face and helping himself from an iced bowl on a stand close by, and turning to the other—"That's just the trouble. He's too young. Something has got to be done or he'll end by marrying her. It is Jackson's case over and over. And we just managed to get him out you remember."

"I think I have it," said Austin thoughtfully after a pause. Whereupon he laid before his friend a plan which caused Penton to laugh and himself to grin again. He never did laugh. "It's too hot," he once explained.

"And when will you start?" inquired the other.

"I think that Thursday evening will be as good a time as any," returned Austin. "That will give them two days to prepare and we shall be out a week. Besides we have no time to spare."

And after some more talk the two turned in.

When the time came the yacht caught the breeze and sprang away on its cruise. It ran for ten miles and was hauled up in a little cove for the night. The company on board were Colonel and Mrs. Mortmore and Alice, their daughter, Mrs. Rivera, Miss Haughton and Earnest Norton, together with Penton and Austin.

Now Mrs. Rivera was a very good friend of the last two, and knowing her, they had no hesitation in laying their project before her, omitting one part which was not well to tell. It was necessary to lay the scheme before her for its success would not be assured without her co-operation. She differed in no respect from others of her sex, who take a slight interest—just the slightest—in the affairs of men, especially when another woman is in the case.

On telling her their plan, she puckered her mouth a little and wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully and listened with a very pretty grave air during the talk.

"Considering poor Ernest's mother," she said. "I really think that I will do it." And both the men appeared to believe her though they knew it was other things. So it was agreed.

Ernest Norton, the subject and cause of these plans and private consultations, went calmly on his own way. That is, the way of Miss Haughton. One day at the pony races, he had been startled and rather pleased by a wonderful plaid skirt, and finding the possessor to be Miss Haughton pestered his friends until he was made acquainted with her. During the weeks after that, he rode and danced and flirted with her, until she had him broken in; and then he did meekly everything she required. He patted himself on the back never so

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